

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1856.

[No. 4.]

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

THE ROBBER.

An interesting narrative, from the pen of a celebrated English writer.

MR. SEDLEY, a merchant of great respectability and considerable property, returned one evening rather late to his country-house with a large sum of money in his pocket; the whole amount of his business, which he had just received at a meeting of justices, in order to carry out some improvements in a house of industry near his own country seat.

Mr. Sedley had a servant with him, but by some accident or other he was left alone; when a man sprung from a hedge, and, knocking Mr. S— off his horse with a bludgeon, prepared to rifle him.

He had already seized one pocket-book, and was searching for another, when Mr. Sedley recovered from the effects of the blow, and began to struggle with the villain; and having in his hand a small cane with a knife in it, he contrived to touch the spring, and the robber saw with apprehension the advantage which it gave his antagonist.—It was a moment of desperation; He wrested it from Mr. Sedley's grasp, and was on the point of plunging it in his bosom, when the latter made a violent effort, struck aside the ruffian's hand, and, grappling with him, they rolled together on the ground.

At this moment the servant galloped up to them, and hastened to rescue his master from the nervous grasp of his assailant.

"Hold him fast," cried Mr. Sedley, as Allen, his servant, seized the robber by the collar, "and bring him along with me to the nearest magistrate."

At this instant the moon shone from behind a cloud; and the light falling on the robber's face, Mr. Sedley saw that he was very young; and also saw, with a feeling of painful compassion, that his cheek was pale, his lip pale and shivering, and that his countenance was that of a being to whom hope was forever lost.

"What—what could tempt you to commit this outrage?" said Mr. Sedley in no angry tone.

"A fiend in woman's shape," replied the man.

"Did you know that I was to pass this way?—was I the object of your attempt?"

"You were—it was known why the justices were to meet, and that you were to be the treasurer."

"And who was your accomplice?"

"I had none."

"I mean, what woman tempted you?"

"She shall live for repentance—one victim to justice is enough—I shall not name her."

"What—not if it should be the means of saving your life?" asked Allen pertly.

"No," replied the robber, with a look of contempt, "I can endure to die, but not to have the death of another on my conscience."

"An excellent joke that, 'faith!' cried Allen, "when you just now attempted the life of my master."

"Do you see no difference in the one case and the other?" asked the robber.

"Not I."

"Your master struggled with me—he endangered my life, and I assailed him. I am guilty, and I deserve punishment.—But does it follow, that in cool blood, and to prolong my miserable existence, I should sacrifice the life of another?"

"Why, upon my honour, I can't say that I should be very willing to trust you, after that, with the life of another."

"Peace!" cried Mr. Sedley; and in silence they proceeded till they came to two cross-roads. Mr. Sedley turned to the left.

"The justice you know, sir, lives to the right," observed Allen.

"But I live to the left," coldly replied Mr. Sedley.

"Dear me! are we going home, sir?" asked Allen.

"Silence!" replied Mr. Sedley; and in silence they reached his habitation. He took the robber by the arm, who

made no efforts to escape; and desiring Allen to follow them, led them into his study.

There was something in the robber's manner and sentiments that surprised and pleased Mr. Sedley. He thought that he must be a man of abilities, and that it was a hard thing, for such a man to die an untimely death, as he would do, if tried for, perhaps, a first offence.

Mr. Sedley was one of the few (would there were many!) who think, that, excellent as our laws are in other respects, our criminal code wants revision; who think that death is a punishment too severe for any crime short of deliberate murder; and who feel as men should feel for the frailties of their fellow-creatures, and are conscious, deeply conscious, that it is an awful thing to deprive a human being of that life which his Creator has breathed into him. And the moment was now arrived for Mr. Sedley to put the sincerity with which he professed these opinions to the proof.

"Search him," said he to Allen.

He obeyed; and found one of Mr. Sedley's pocket-books upon him. "Here, here, sir; here is evidence that must hang him for felony!" cried Allen (who had picked up a little law-knowledge while acting as clerk and valet to a counsellor on his circuit). "As to murder, I doubt you cannot indict him for that."

"For murder!" cried the robber, starting.—True, I was very near committing it:" and he seemed to shudder with horror.

In his other pocket were pistols.

"You see, sir, murderous intention proved," said Allen.

"Silence!" cried Mr. Sedley; and again he sunk into a reverie, from which he was roused by the increasing agitation of the robber; who, after giving way to

the most convulsive sobs of agony, suddenly burst into tears, and fell at Mr. Sedley's feet.

"Pardon me, and let me go!" cried he. "I abhor my crime, and its instigator; and never, never will I be guilty of the like again. But 'tis not on my own account that I implore mercy—no: all my prospects in life this wicked action has blasted, and I can never know comfort more, for I can never respect myself: but I have a mother; and I am her only child—her all; and were she to know my crime, she would die—she would indeed. Oh, for God's sake! show mercy to me, and save me from the additional guilt of parricide! My mother!—my poor dear mother!" Here, suffocated with his sobs, he sunk on the floor, and even Allen was moved.

"Inconsistent being!" replied Mr. Sedley, "so properly considerate now of the feelings of your own mother, so regardless of the feelings of the mother of another! I too have a mother: yet regardless of what pain you might inflict on my parents and friends, you were going to murder me!"

"I was,—I was,—but not in cold blood: if you give me up to the law, you do it from reflection, not impulse."

"Who are you?—what are you, thou strange mass of contradictions?" replied Mr. Sedley.

"My name is Theodore—I have no other name now; at least I will not disgrace my family by owning it. I have been well educated; but my father died insolvent, and my mother and I, but for my industry, would have come to want. All went well with us till I became acquainted with an angel in beauty, but a fiend in disposition. I loved her, as I fancied, to distraction; but I now find that I mistook passion for sentiment. However, I was not rich enough to maintain her, and she threatened to leave me and live with another man, unless I could

procure her a certain sum necessary to pay her debts. This made me desperate: I promised to procure it:—and she informed me, that she had heard, on such an evening you would receive that sum, and probably return home unattended. You know the rest. Thank God, you are safe! and I have at last learnt to despise the wretch who led me on to ruin. And oh, sir! take compassion, I conjure you, on my unhappy mother!"

Mr. Sedley was embarrassed—he was agitated; he wished to do right, yet feared to do wrong: he feared to be blamed by others if he let Theodore escape unpunished; he feared to be blamed by his own conscience if he delivered him up to justice. If he did the latter, he knew he would undoubtedly be condemned to death; and that idea was so insupportable that at length he resolved to pardon him,—and addressed him thus:

"Were the punishment that awaits you, misguided young man, any thing less than death, I should this moment order you to be committed for trial; but your words and your looks carry a sort of conviction to my mind, that you are a sincere penitent; and then—and then—" Mr. Sedley, tears choking his voice, "I can't help thinking of your poor mother, and her agonies. Therefore conjure you, as you value your mother's peace and your own immortal soul, to forsake your vile companion, and return to the healthful labour of an industrious life, I pronounce your pardon; and you are free to go where you please."

Theodore could not speak: he tried: but his voice failed him, and he fainted; while Allen, even though busy in recovering Theodore, could not help exclaiming—

"Sir! sir! Mr. Sedley!—s—you forget—bless me! this is a sort of compounding of felony, sir!—Think again, sir."

But Mr. Sedley was too intent on re-

covering the poor criminal to attend to what Allen said.

At length he recovered, and seizing Mr. Sadley's hand, which he pressed to his lips, he said: "Generous man! do yet more for me! send me not away! let me live with you! let me serve you! let me devote my life to you!"

(To be Continued.)

Solution of the *Cryptogram* in our last number.

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

ON BEAUTY, No. 1.

Notes quam elegans formarum spectator flem.
TERENTIUS.

BEAUTY, although a perishable flower, will never fail while it exists, to command the admiration of mankind. Its power is strong and irresistible; and often works its way to the heart easier than all the charms of refinement, sense, and genius combined. The prepossession which we form in favor of beauty at first sight, however absurd in appearance, is extremely natural. For it is generated under the impression that the mind of the fair one, is equally beautified with the lineaments of her countenance. Mere mechanical beauty excites in our minds sensations similar, but perhaps more pleasing, than those we feel on first beholding, a fine picture, a handsome landscape, or a well executed piece of statuary. But like those, after being gazed at awhile, must inevitably lose their powers of attraction.

Handsome features, and a perfect symmetry of form, without expression of countenance, cannot, certainly, be said to constitute attractive beauty. For how constantly is it observable, that the men of the greatest gallantry and taste, view without the slightest emotion of pleasure, an inanimate and lifeless countenance,

however regular or well turned;—the eye soon becomes satiated with its dull monotony, and the mind receives but little pleasure from an intercourse in which there exists no corresponding traits between internal and external beauty. B.

(To be Continued.)

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

The disadvantages under which modern Poets labour, compared with the ancient

"Ask to borrow six-pence of the Muses, and they tell you at present they are out of cash, but hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds."

SHENSTONE.

In ancient times, when heroes fill'd the earth,
And every warrior was a man of worth;
Each bard receiv'd a visit from the Nine,
Who urg'd him on to sing in lays divine:
But now by empty phantoms he's betray'd
No friendly Muse arrives to give him aid;
We therefore must submit, since Fate ordains,
That nought we have, save labour for our pains.
Since Pope's, and Addison's, and Dryden's days,
No Epic poet has receiv'd that praise
So much desir'd by all divinely great,
That elevates a man to Clio's seat;
Of course, 'tis vain for any youth like me,
To think of gaining such an high degree.
Now I'll remain contented with my lot,
If fortune frowns, or if my work's forgot.
No scribbling critic, and no warrior brave
Shall find me out in my sequester'd cave,
For all my time in solitude I'll spend,
Until the fatal Destinies descend.

X. Y. Z.

EPIGRAM.

Emilia's a murderess! "O no, I am not!"
Then where is Orlando? Alas! you've forgot;
Remember when from you the youth did depart,
He said, you have planted a dirk in my heart.

X. Y. Z.

GOOD AND BAD REPUTATIONS.

THE Prince of Wales, whose accomplishments and convivial powers are scarcely to be equalled, observed once in company, that men sometimes got credit for good actions without ever having dreamt of deservng it; and, *e contra*,

were abused in the same unmerited way. He, then, very pleasantly said, "that he got credit for being a good young man, from the following ludicrous circumstance:—Having occasion to go to Bagshot in the winter, he asked Lord Clermont to accompany him. His lordship, provident against the cold, generally travelled in a kind of a flannel hood, to protect his ears and throat, and a white great coat:—Thus equipped, the prince and his companion pursued their journey, the passengers remarking—"What a good young man he was, to go out thus an airing with his old aunt, the Princess Amelia."

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For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

Extracts from the writings of Cowper.
No. 1.

"MEN of lively imaginations are not often remarkable for solidity of judgment. They have generally strong passions to bias it, and are led far away from their proper road, in pursuit of pretty phantoms of their own creating."

"Excellence is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace."

"Did man foresee what is always foreseen, by him who dictates what he supposes to be his own, he would suffer by anticipation, as well as by consequence; and wish, perhaps, as ardently for the happy ignorance, to which he is at present so much indebted, as some have foolishly and inconsiderately done, for a knowledge that would be but another name for misery."

"The sword of slander, like that of war, devours one as well as another; and a blameless character is particularly delicious to its unsparing appetite"

"Extreme bashfulness has made many a man uncomfortable for life; by forcing him into mean and dishonorable company

For the Lady's Mirror.

THOUGHTS ON SEDUCTION.

WHAT is man? that he should injure woman, the loveliest object in creation; that he should empty the sumptuous goblet, and then dash it to the earth, shameless and unfaithful!

I trace the streets of cities, in which are concentrated the wealth of nations, and my eyes behold the fallen woman, at the midnight hour, lying in wait to prey upon mankind. Poor unfortunates! The Almighty is just; and having retribution in view, to scourge man with the self-same weapons of which he once had hold, declares his supereminent greatness.

Emma nurtured in innocence, and bred up in the vale of poverty, surrounded by contentment, fell a prey to one who hid his cloven foot beneath the covering of the peaceful lamb. But human beings never reaching the summit of perfection are, in their intercourse, seldom perfect in the abstract of nature's laws, and consequently err. Emma's heart was unexpectedly beguiled, and in an evil hour she quitted the paternal roof. The object of her fondest wishes grew cloyed by possession, and he threw her headlong to infamy and vice. Poor child of wretchedness! Sorrow and remorse hastily conducted her to the cold grave. The rains beat against her face; the bleak wind searched her tender form. The passing traveller turns his head, and will not see her tears; he will not hear her artless tale of woes. Her haggard looks, her frozen cheek, on which the lily and the rose were wont to reign in mingled sweetness, are wan and sallow. Her spectre form; her dull, unmeaning eye, once so piercing and so bright that we could not even look at it without approaching pain; her quick, uneven steps; her hollow-sounding voice; betoken more than the frail pen can tell.

Her aged father is hid beneath the chilly sod. He has quitted a world full of sin and cares, before his hapless daughter. Melancholy brooded over his sorrows, and at length, with parental fondness, laid him with his mother-earth. His virtues were many, and the world loved them; so did his Emma, she who left him when he was helpless, and well-stricken in revolving years. His memory is fondly cherished and respected, but his daughter's is already debased with curses from the peasant and his offspring. Emma once relieved the indigent, succoured the helpless, and poured the balm of peace into the hearts of the unfortunate. But now the world has forgotten her good deeds, for she quitted her parent when his staff was slender, and his venerable head was crowned with many years. Blessings and gratitude, most grateful incense, played round his soul when wafted to the realms of endless bliss.

Poor, heart-broken woman! succourless on earth; helpless and wretched wanderer! Man cannot pourtray her sorrows, man cannot tell her pains. Famine is at her footsteps; and as she drinks the crystal water (emblem of her once unspotted self) from the babbling spring, she replenishes it with her tears. She cannot quiet her conscience, for it is weighed down by an impenetrable load of remorse and shame. She seems to think the gates of heaven are closed upon her, and that no redemption can be obtained by penitence on earth. She seems so guilty to herself that she cannot even lift to heaven her tearful eyes, to sue for mercy.

Ye gay seducers! ye who glory in the act of despoiling virtue of its radiant charms! ye who can blazon forth so many vows that would alarm a myriad of the host of heaven! disdain not this imperfect portrait of the woes of woman-kind. Have ye no thoughts directed to futurity? Have ye no moments to think on days which are past and gone? Are ye atheists? Have ye no idea of a Su-

preme Power which governs the destiny of man; who has numbered, and continues to number thy sins, and who will render unto every one as the record of his deeds shall be unfolded.

There is a pang which thrills through the frame when upon the bed of death that but conducts the guilty being to pangs more severe, and much more dreadful. When we feel this motion of the approach of hoary time with his silent hour-glass, I would not barter a quiet conscience and God's calm peace, for all the gifts a power bestows; for all the immeasurable hidden heaps of eastern wealth.

Men must die, and so must kings; the fascinating despoiler of woman's honour is not a supernatural being, and will likewise die; all must approach the bar of the almighty God of heaven, and no reprieve will cancel his decrees: we all should know that he is just.

LEOPOLD.

THE HAPPY MAN, OR TRUE GENTLEMAN.
(SELECTED.)

The Happy Man was born in the parish of Repentance unto Life; he was educated at the school of Obedience, and lives now in Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs at Self-Denial, he wears the plain garment of Humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness; he often walks in the valley of Self-Abasement, and climbs Spiritual-mindedness; he breakfasts every morning upon Spiritual Prayer, and sups every night upon the same; he has meals to eat the world knows nothing of, and his drink is the Sincere Milk of the Word.—Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies. Happy is he who has gospel submission in his will, due Order in his affections, sound Peace

in his conscience, Sanctifying Grace in his soul, real divinity in his breast, true Humility in his heart, the Redeemer's Yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a Crown of Glory over his head. Happy is the life of such an one. In order to attain which, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, live holy, die daily, watch your hearts, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for glory.

The true Gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man: Virtue is his business, study his recreation, Contentedness his rest, and Happiness his reward. God is his Father, the Church is his Mother, the Saints are his Brethren, all that need him his Friends; Heaven is his Inheritance, Religion his Mistress, Legality and Justice are his Ladies of Honour, Devotion his Chaplain, Chastity his Chamberlain, Sobriety his Butler, Temperance his Cook, Hospitality his House-keeper, Providence his Steward, Charity his Treasurer, Piety is Mistress of his House, Discretion his porter to let him out and in as is most fit. Thus the whole Family are made up of Virtues, and he is Master of the Family.—He is necessitated to take the World in his way to heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is a Man and a Christian to the end.

In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson employs in the playful manner certain Antitheses which cannot fail to amuse the reader:—

"The inequalities of human life have always employed the meditation of deep thinkers, and I cannot forbear to reflect on the difference between our condition and my own. You live upon mock turtle and stewed rumps of beef; I dined yesterday upon crumpets. You sit with parish officers, carressing, and

caressed, the idol of the table and the wonder of the day. I pine in the solitude of sickness, not bad enough to be pitied, and not well enough to be endured. You sleep away the night, and laugh or scold away the day. I cough and grumble, and grumble and cough. Last night was tedious, and to-day makes no promises of ease. However, I have put on my shoe, and hope the Gout is gone."

"Then certain philosophers of the Epicurians and of the Stoicks encountered him."

Commenting on this scripture passage, the elegant author of the *Lay Preacher* with that strength of expression and brilliancy of metaphor peculiar to himself, describes the *impertinence* which has assumed the name of *philosophy*. [Emerald.

Attacked by such enemies, St. Paul, I pity thee. Compared with the sophical jargon of their tongues, the buffetings of Satan were the soft strokes of a feather. Encountered by *Philosophers*. What a perilous meeting! To be stoned at Iconium, to die in prison at Philippi, or smart at all her whipping-posts were more tolerable than to hear one moment, the abstract impertinence, the visionary theories of a cold and closet reasoner. His head is the web of a spider, his heart is the ice of Spitzbergen, his plans are the projects of Laputa, and his arguments turbid as a hypochondriac's dream. If I should be asked which was the most unlucky adventure in Paul's pilgrimage, I must reply, this interview with the *philosophic* babblers of Athens. None of his perils, and I think he enumerates eight varieties, can compare with the peril of pragmatical philosophy. Ill-fated apostle! the Epicureans and the Stoicks, encountering you, were worse company than the barbarians of Melita, on whose rude coast you were stranded. Your night and day in the deep; your weariness and watchings; your frequent fasts and suspension in the basket of Damas-

cus, even if it were like Falstaff's buck-basket, were light afflictions but for a moment, to the growl of the Stoick, and the lullaby of the Epicurean.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

(SELECTED.)

THE LANGUAGE OF PASSION.

Among the particulars that compose the social part of our nature, a propensity to communicate our opinions, our emotions, and every thing that affect us greatly; and of these we are so prone to complain, that if we have no friend nor acquaintance to take part in our sufferings, we sometimes utter our complaints aloud even where there are none to listen.

But this propensity operates not in every state of mind. A man immoderately grieved, seeks to afflict himself, rejecting all consolation: immoderate grief accordingly is mute: complaining is struggling for consolation.

It is the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reverse of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of inward grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep,
and mourn,
And glutton-like alone devour.

Mourning Bride.

When grief subsides, it then, and no sooner, finds a tongue: we complain, because complaining is an effort to disburden the mind of its distress.

This observation is finely illustrated by a story which Herodotus records, b. 2. Cambyses, when he conquered Egypt, made Psammetichus, the king, prisoner; and, for trying his constancy, ordered his daughter to be dressed in the habit of a slave, and to be employed in bringing water from the river; his son was also led to execution with a halberd about his neck. The Egyptians vented their sorrows in tears and lamentations. Psammetichus only, with a downcast eye, remained silent. Afterwards meeting with

one of his companions, a man advanced in years, who, being plundered of all, was begging alms, he wept bitterly, calling him by his name.—Cambyzes, struck with wonder, demanded an answer to the following question: "Psammentius, thy master Cambyzes, is desirous to know why, after thou hadst seen thy daughter so ignominiously treated, and thy son led to execution, without exclaiming or weeping, thou shouldst be so highly concerned for a poor man, no way related to thee?" Psammentius returned the following answer: "Son of Cyrus, the calamities of my family are too great to leave me the power of weeping: but the misfortunes of a companion, reduced in his old age to want of bread, is a fit subject for lamentation."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON ECONOMY IN THE FAIR SEX.

"Ye fair be frugal, if you'd happy prove."

ECONOMY is so important a part of a lady's character, and so essential to her performing the proper duties of a wife and mother, let her circumstances be what they may, that it ought to have the precedence of all other accomplishments, and take its rank next to the first duties of life. It is nevertheless an *art* as well as a *virtue*—and many well meaning persons, from ignorance, or from inconsiderateness, are strangely deficient in it. Indeed it is too often wholly neglected in a young lady's education, and she is sent from her parents to govern a family, without the least degree of that knowledge which should qualify her for it.

This is the source of much inconvenience, for though experience and attention may supply, by degrees, the want of instruction, yet this requires time. The family in the mean time may get into habits, which are very difficult to alter; and, what is worse, the husband's opinion of his wife's incapacity may be fixed too strongly to suffer him ever to think justly of her gradual improvements. The

first and greatest point, is to lay out your general plan of living, in a just proportion to your fortune.

If you would enjoy the real comforts of affluence, you should lay your plan considerably *within* your income, not for the pleasure of amassing wealth, but to provide for contingencies,* and to have the power of indulging your choice in the surplus, though where there is a growing family, it is an absolute duty to lay by something every year. Regularity of payments and accounts is essential to economy; your house-keeping should be settled at least once a week, and all bills paid; all other tradesmen should be paid at farthest once a year. You must also endeavour to acquire skill in purchasing.

In your table, as well as dress, aim at propriety and neatness, or if your situation demands it, elegance rather than superfluous figure. Needle-work is a principal part of good housewifery, many young ladies make almost every thing they wear, by which means they can make a genteel figure at a small expence. Early rising, and good disposition of your time is requisite, as is the neatness and order of your house and furniture. Those who are continually changing their servants, have often too much reason to believe it is their own fault. Carefully avoid making a favourite of any, as it will excite envy and hatred in the rest.

*A change in fortune has often happened when it was least expected.

SATURDAY Nov. 1.

To note the passing tidings of the times

Mr. Erskine, son of the lord chancellor, and the new minister from England, is a young gentleman of amiable and respectable character and warmly attached to the United States. He married, about seven years ago, the daughter of Gen. Cadwalader, of Pennsylvania, one of the patriots of 1776, and who bled in his

country's defence. By this marriage, Mr. E. has a daughter whom he left in Philadelphia, (when he returned to England, some years ago) with her grandmother Mrs. Cadwalader, the general's widow. Mr. Erskine's father, the lord chancellor, is known to entertain, and to express upon all occasions, the most partial sentiments towards this country, and to have vested a considerable portion of his property in the American funds. The sending out Mr. Erskine to the United States, in the character he now fills, is the strongest proof of the sincere disposition of the British government to cultivate a lasting friendship with the United States.

Charleston paper.

FROM LONDON PAPERS.

At Stafford assizes, a cause came on, *Rocker v. Newton*, which is of considerable importance to trades-people. In January, 1804, the defendant inserted an advertisement in the public papers, that he would not pay debts of his wife's contracting; but as Mrs. Newton still resided in the house with her husband, and as some parts of the goods (mercery) were used in the defendant's house, the plaintiff conceived the defendant was liable, and brought an action to recover the amount of his bill, 14*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* A part of this bill the defendant had before admitted to be due, for which, previous to the action, he had tendered 7 guineas, and had subsequently paid that sum into court.—The learned Judge said, that after such notice, a tradesman was highly blameable to give credit to the wife (which was the case here) and that the wife being in the dwelling house with her husband, made it highly so, as it could not be supposed that she was not provided with the necessities there.—The plaintiff was nonsuited.

An elderly lady, expressing her surprise at the present fashions, observed that there was now no display of dress, as the costume of the present day, only tended to *show the shape*, not to set off the attire; and wondered that the ladies should ever

have relinquished their former habiliments of whale-bone whoops, and stiff brocade, for muslin dresses like tinder. A gentleman remarked, that was probably done to catch the sparks.

A Postscript to a letter from a respectable house at Bordeaux to another in this city, under the date of Sept. 12, says,

"This moment we have news that the camp which had formed at Paris for the celebration of the grand national fete has received marching orders, and is about breaking up." *N. Y. Gaz.*

A London paper of the 11th of September, has been received at Philadelphia. It contains the following:

London Sept. 11

Arrival of dispatches from France.

Four o'clock, A. M.—We stop the press to state the arrival of a messenger who, as we are informed, reached town about two hours ago, with dispatches from Lord Lauderdale, with which he proceeded immediately to Sir Francis Vincent's house in Arlington-street.

Mr. Parsons, the messenger, arrived in town between two and three o'clock this morning with dispatches from the Earl of Lauderdale, in answer to those which he carried over with him. He left Paris on Tuesday, landed at Deal at five o'clock last night, and immediately proceeded in a post-chaise and four to London. The dispatches were immediately forwarded to Lord Grenville.

Mr. Parsons made the journey from London to Paris with very great expedition—he was only 45 hours in going.

The dispatches of which he is bearer, are asserted to be of very considerable importance—A council was held upon them this day at one o'clock.

Basilico and Smith, the messengers, were not, as was generally asserted, dispatched for Paris yesterday. No messenger was dispatched till this morning. Basilico left London about 2 o'clock this morning.

Bulletin.

"Chiswick house, Thursday morning, 8 o'clock,

Sept. 11.

"Dr. Mosely has the honour to inform Lady Elizabeth Foster, that Mr. Fox has had a better night than usual. His pulse is more firm, and he is less weak than he was yesterday.

"Dr. M. has also to add, that some of the alarming symptoms which characterized his situation yesterday morning, have much abated."

Mr. BERNARD, with the performers engaged for our theatre, it is said, embarked at Bristol for London, the latter part of August.

Thanksgiving.—Thursday, the 27th of November, is appointed by his excellency the Governor, to be observed as a day of Public Thanksgiving throughout the state of Massachusetts. *Bos. pap.*

Our friends are respectfully informed that they will be waited on during the succeeding week,—we mention this in order that we may give them as little trouble as possible in collecting our small accounts.

The city Inspector reports the death of 49 persons, of whom, 16 were men, 15 women, 9 boys, and 9 girls, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the reverend Dr. Miller, Mr. Richard H. Arden, to Miss Maria Turnier, daughter of Mr. John Turnier.

Also, by the reverend Dr. McKnight, captain Seaman weeks, to Miss Eliza Dolbeer, both of this city.

On Sunday Evening, by Dr. McKnight, Mr. D. Graham, merchant, to Miss Ann Cotterell.

Died suddenly, on Wednesday morning, Captain Nathan Rockwell.

W. S. TURNER,

NO. 29 PARTITION STREET,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he practices Physic, and the profession of Surgeon Dentist.

He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and to neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of Cleaning the Teeth, is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain or injury to the enamel. In the most raging Tooth-ache, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting Carious Teeth upon the most improved Chirurgical principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any gentleman or lady, at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at the above place; where may be had, his Astringent Tooth-Powder, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become perfectly white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance; the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, and the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, Decay and Tooth-ache prevented.

The tincture and powder may likewise be had at G. and R. Waite's stores, No. 64 & 38 Maiden Lane. Nov. 1.

Tortoise Shell Combs.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

A. S. M. I. T. H.,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New-York Hair Powder and perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

SMITH'S

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violet and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blackening cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Roked do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.

violet double scented do. 1s. 6d. do.

beautiful rose powder 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or role, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2. & 3s. each. common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chaps leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s. per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again. Nov. 1.



For the Lady's Miscellany

The following pieces are extracted from a small volume of poems entitled the "Garland of Flowers," recently published by I. Riley, & Co.]

FROM THE GREEK.

Yes, still for thee my heart will beat,
Still throb with love's alarms :
Still glows my passion's earliest heat
For thee and all thy charms.

What though some years have now flown by
Since first I sigh'd for thee,
I still for thee will heave the sigh,
And swear none loves like me.

Years have not dared that eye to dim
Which beams its wonted fires ;
Each shape, each feature, and each limb
Its wonted grace resumes.

The roses on thy lips are still,
And still with nectar-dew
Thy kisses fraught my bosom thrill,
And each fond wish renew.

If now, thy life's meridian gone,
Such beauty still be thine,
O guess, when its first morning shone
What joy and love were mine!

FROM THE GREEK.

DEAR is the blush of vernal morn
To him who ploughs the watery deep,
And, o'er the darkling surges borne,
Marks the storm's infuriate sweep :—

DEAR is the limpid stream to him
Who journey's on his toilsome way,
And feels each slacken'd nerve and limb
Faint beneath each solar ray :—

But dearer far, when thy blest power,
Love, two souls in bliss has bound ;
Gladly flows each festive hour
With rapture new for ever crown'd.

"TURN LADY."

"And oft it falls (ah me, the more to rue!)
That goodly beauty, albeit heavenly born,
Is foul abused, and that celestial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin."

SPENSER'S *Hymn to Beauty*.

TURN, LADY!—heed no more those sighs that
flow
To wind in soft seduction round thy breast ;
Hush the wild throbs that bid thy bosom glow :
Hush them ! or farewell innocence and rest.

The spotless maid is like the rose that blooms
Untouch'd, unsullied in its native bed ;
The pearly dew of morn, the soft perfumes
Of western gales their balmy influence shed ;
While with delight each youth and damsel views
The opening flower to heaven expand its hues.
But oh ! once cull'd, no breeze around it plays,
No youths, no damsels gaze with wistful eyes ;
Low drops its head, its blushing pride decays,
Fades the bright gloom and all its fragrance
dies.

WISHES.

O would that I were some soft gale
Which fans with perfum'd wing the air,
That from thy lips I might inhale
Each balmy sweet that lingers there,
And drink thy fragrant sighs !

And would that I were yon red rose,
In vernal pride and radiance drest,
That cull'd by thee, my lively glows
Might grace awhile, my fair, thy breast,
And veil its snowy charms !

FROM THE ITALIAN.

As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
And anxious sought where he had stray'd,
'One kiss,' you cried, 'I'll give with joy
To him who knows where Cupid's laid.'

Give me the kiss :—for see him
In the dark heaven of ROSA's eye
Or bid my ROSA's lips bestow
The kiss, and yours I will forego.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

TAKE care never to shew your mind
otherwise than in *full dress*—unless its
dishabille be adjusted with all the care
and decorum requisite to render it inter-
esting and elegant.

Where impossibilities are apparent, it
is indiscretion to nourish hopes.

Do nothing in the moment of wrath—
unless you would put to sea in the midst
of a tempest.

MODESTY often passes for errant
haughtiness ; and is called *spirit* in
a horse often proceeds from fear.

THE ridicule with which some people
affect to triumph over their superiors, is,
as though the moon, under an eclipse,
should pretend to laugh at the sun.

WHOEVER expects pity by complain-
ing to his physician, is as foolish as they
are, who, having lost money at cards,
complain of ill luck to their companions,
the winners. If none were ill or unfor-
tunate, how would physicians, or game-
sters, get money.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A BEAU.

TAKE any thing—put it into a pair of
pantaloons just six times as large as need
be—put a *binding* on the top of the pan-
taloons, called a *vest*, and attach to the
bosom of the shirt, an oval glass case
with a wig in it,—pare away the skirts of
its coat to the width of a hatband. If the
subject is doomed to pass its time in the
house, it will require a heavy pair of
round toed jack-boots with a tassel before
and behind. "Lift it up by the cape of
the coat," pull its hair over its face, lay
its hat on its forehead, and spectacles on
its nose.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars, payable one in
advance.

To those who receive them by mail, two dol-
lars, payable in advance.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, 149, NASSAU
STREET.